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OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

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[No. 21.]

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

FIRE SIDE REFLECTIONS.

WHILE I sit retired by my fire side the power of reflection becomes strengthened to a considerable degree, and the past conduct of life appears more conspicuous, and causes pain or pleasure. By reflection life becomes more perfect, and the nearer we approach perfection, the nearer we arrive to the true source of joy; therefore for our happiness we should allow full scope to reflection. A few years since, I was shooting on the majestic heights that are washed by the waters of Hudson River; my attention was drawn to two wood-peckers, which nothing but the demon of cruelty could have dictated,—but doomed to death one must fall, my faithful dog was present to witness the unnatural fight—a human being wagging war against birds—against innocence—against the ornaments of creation: enough, the bird was shot, and it was enough, my very soul was racked with horror to see the mate descend, and in agonies, reproach me, for the cruelty I had been guilty of; at that moment I would have given all I was worth to reanimate that little body, which in the madness of mistaken pleasure I had deprived of life, but—it was in vain. Death had seized the little victim, and remorse had seized me.

Thus by reflection, this idea which by some may be called trivial and mistaken humanity, came fresher in my mind than ever, and naturally led me to enquire whether I had acted according to the declaration which I made at the moment, (viz.) That I never would take the life of a being which was beyond my power to replace, except through necessity or self defence. It afforded me satisfaction to find that this resolve has been inviolate, and that humanity has been improved by the death of a *little bird*.

Thus through reflection man views himself for years past, and by improving on his past conduct provides for years of happiness to come.

T.

BON MOT.

Dryden's Translation of Virgil being commended by a Right Rev. Bishop, a witty Gentleman observed, that "The original was indeed excellent; but every thing suffered by translation except a Bishop."

TWO ADMIRABLE REASONS FOR GOING TO WAR.

WHOEVER considers the wars in Europe for some centuries past, may seldom find a better reason for them, than that which induced the King of Pegu to declare war, in 1558, against his Majesty of Siam. The King of Pegu, it seems, having been informed that the King of Siam had two *White Elephants* (which are very rare, and much admired in those parts) sent an ambassador to the court of Siam to demand one of them, at any price that might be fixed; but the Siamese monarch refusing to comply with this demand, his exasperated neighbour entered his territories with a vast army, conquered the whole country, and made it tributary, at the trifling expense of—500,000 men!—An admirable Asiatic reason for going to war!

An European one of equal moment! Not *a white elephant*, but *a window*!—The French Minister Louvois, having been very harshly treated by Louis XIV. on account of the window of a building he was making for the King, came home filled with indignation, which he vented in the presence of Tilladet, St. Romaine, and Villacerf: "I am undone," said he, "if I do not find business for a man, whom the slightest trifles put into a passion. War is the only thing which can take him from his buildings. By ***, he shall have it, since either he or I must."—In consequence of this, the famous League of Augsburgh was disunited, and all Europe put into a flame, because a window was made too broad or too narrow.

THE CHARACTER OF AN ATHEIST.

AN Atheist is an overgrown libertine; and if we believe his own genealogy, he is a by-blow begot by hazard, and flung into the world by necessity; he moves by wheels, and has no more soul than a wind-mill; he is thrust on by fate, and acts by mere compulsion: he is no more master of his deeds, than of his being, and therefore is as constant to his word, as the wind to the same point; so that an Atheist, by his own principles, is a knave *per se*, and an honest man only *per accidens*. In fine, he starts out of dust, and vanishes into nothing.

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HISTORY OF
DONNA ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

(Continued from page 155.)

ALVAREZ having obtained this promise, quitted her with the highest satisfaction, and ran to bear the news to Don Sebastian, who expected his return with the utmost impatience. If he had been capable of joy, the hope of this dear interview would have given it him; but the motive which made him wish it, was too sad to excite any pleasing emotions in his soul. Sometimes abandoning himself wholly to his tenderness, he considered Elvira as an object before whom all resentments ought to cease; he remembered the violence she had done herself, the exalted proof she had given of the most disinterested affection, and the unhappy fate she had submitted to, for the preservation of his life. But when he reflected, that his rival enjoyed all the advantage of this excess of love, he grew quite furious, and said such things, as nothing but a grief such as his could be capable of excusing: he imagined nothing so wretched as himself; but had he been witness of the cruel moments Elvira had passed since her marriage, and the melancholy reflections she made on her misfortune, he would have found she had a thousand times more to complain of than himself. This charming lady, who, while Sebastian was in danger, could think of nothing but the means to deliver him, no sooner had, by giving her hand to Balthazar, set him free, and eased herself of the fears she was in on his account, than the state she had entered into, presented itself to her mind, in all its horrors. The apprehensions of seeing a man die, who was dearer to her than life, had made her blind to every thing that threatened herself, and in the transports of her grief and her despair, imagined she could, without much difficulty, pass her days with one she hated, for the preservation of one she so much loved. But when the danger was over, and when she knew he was living and at liberty, the action which had procured his deliverance appeared in a different light; she looked on it now as criminal, and accused herself of inconstancy, and too great precipitation; began to imagine the danger of Suza not so great as she had believed it was, and that she ought not to have violated the promise she had made to him, but on a greater certainty, that nothing else could have redeemed him. She regarded Don Balthazar de Lama only as the contriver of this misfortune, and her tyrant; and so dreadful were her agitations, that she stood in need of all her courage to prevent her from yielding to the most terrible despair.

But if the pangs she laboured under were ever so great, her virtue was yet greater; and though for a time, she appeared subdued by their force, yet religion, piety, and duty assisted her in the end to overcome them; and, as she was the wife of Lama, she resolved not only to use her utmost efforts to banish Sebastian from her heart, but also to love the man to whom fate had allotted her, and to forget, as much as possible, that any other had yet been dear to her.

Such a resolution, however, could not be made without the most cruel conflicts of mind, which joined to the

weak condition to which her griefs had thrown her before marriage, so seized on all her spirits, that she fell into a violent fever the next day after that, in which she had given her hand to Balthazar. As he was yet in the first transports her possession had afforded him, and looked on himself as the author of her indisposition, he neglected nothing for the recovery of her health, that could be expected from the most tender husband.

The extraordinary care he took of her, on this occasion, touched her in the most sensible manner; and being determined to quit all ideas to his prejudice, testified the utmost gratitude to him, entreated him not to leave her chamber, assuring him, that her illness was not considerable enough to oblige him to go into another apartment, and that his presence contributed to her cure: but he finding her much worse than she was willing to appear, and not doubting but the constraint she put upon herself added a double force to her distemper, refused her demand, and came not into the room, but at those hours when he knew he could not incommod her.

Though the high virtue and wisdom of Donna Elvira had made her act in this manner, she could not keep herself from finding a kind of sweetnes in the liberty of talking freely to her dear Leonora: she commanded her never to speak of Don Sebastian to her, but to let nothing escape that Don Balthazar did to please her, and to entertain her continually with all that was valuable in him, in order to enforce her, as it were, to think of nothing but him. These commands had been exactly performed by her nurse, who wished nothing more than the recovery of her repose, and knew, that to love him was now the only means to obtain it. But the arrival of Suza, having brought to her mind the first felicities of her mistress, and made her compare them with her present misfortunes, it was impossible for her, all that day, to speak one word of Balthazar, or to tell her mistress any of the grief he expressed for her indisposition.

This beautiful lady having passed two days and two nights in continual agitations, now found herself somewhat better, after two hours sleep, in which time Lama had come several times to the chamber door to enquire of her health. Leonora was all that time taken up with the sight of Alvarez, and the meeting she had given him at the chapel of St. Ursula; and full of the stratagem she had formed in favour of Don Sebastian's request, thought not of informing her mistress, on her awaking, of the complaisance of Lama; but the other women did not fail to tell her, and she sent to let him know, she was now in a condition to receive him. He came immediately, and staid till night was pretty far advanced, as did also Don Pedro, and several others of the Zuarian family; and this company rendering the attendance of Leonora unnecessary, she had an opportunity of preparing every thing for the reception of Suza.

Donna Elvira, who began to be fatigued with overmuch discourse, and the secret emotions of her own mind, seemed so extremely unquiet, that Lama perceiving it, obliged every body to retire, and, as it was pretty late, took leave of her himself, telling her, he hoped to find her in better health next morning. Elvira made many efforts to retain him, thinking her duty

obliged her to do so, that she might be prevented from indulging any thoughts of Sebastian; whose image, whenever it came into her mind, gave a shock to the severity of her virtue.

But Lama, being forbid by the physicians, would not suffer himself to be prevailed upon. As soon as he was gone out, Leonora, who was full of disturbed apprehensions, came to the bed-side, and said softly to Elvira, "Don Balthazar must certainly now become very dear to you, "Madam, that you cannot suffer him out of your sight one moment."

"Alas!" replied she, "would to heaven that he were so, I should not then be in the condition I am.—But, Leonora, is it for you to reproach a conduct which you ought to be the first to prescribe to me? Is it for you to support me in the precepts of my duty, or to swerve from them? Just heaven," continued she, "I am the only person that knows what is due from me to Balthazar!—Yes, Leonora, I perceive you speak of him, but with regret, and cannot submit to the orders I have given you.—Where were you, when he came so often this afternoon to enquire about my health? Why did you not relate to me those marks of his affection? In fine, why do you not assist the efforts I am making, to procure myself a happy life?"

Leonora, who had employed the time that Don Lama was with his wife, in introducing Suza into a closet adjoining to Elvira's chamber, was too conscious of the treason she was guilty of, and too much perplexed in what manner she should accomplish what she had begun, to be able to make an immediate reply: her silence, the blushes which in a moment covered all her face, and the tremblings which were visible in her whole person, alarmed Elvira, already disconcerted with many confused ideas: "What have you done Leonora?" cried she, "What has happened? I charge you to disguise nothing from me."

Leonora assuming a little more courage, answered, "I have great things to tell you, madam, but permit me first to clear your apartment of all your women, and that I may be shut up alone with you—the occasion requires it." In speaking these words, without attending any reply, she went out of the chamber, and having dispersed all the attendants, some one way, some another, and taken out the keys of the rooms, she returned to her expecting and greatly surprized lady.

(To be continued.)

A N E C D O T E.

ABRAVE tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Parker's fleet in an engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies, being a man of humour, he could not suppress his joke, saying "It was high time for him to leave off play, when his last pin was bowled down."

A FURTHER SALUTATION OF BROTHERLY LOVE, FROM THE MONTHLY-MEETING OF FRIENDS OF PHILADELPHIA, TO THE MEMBERS OF THEIR RELIGIOUS SOCIETY, IN AND NEAR THAT CITY.

Dear Friends,

HAVING as occasions offered, heretofore addressed you with such council and caution as appeared needful, we are again incited by the same motives of duty, and a solicitude for our present and future mutual happiness, to revive in remembrance—That the season of outward prosperity, ease and tranquility, wherewith the inhabitants of this land are so remarkably favoured, through the long-suffering and mercy of infinite goodness, loudly claims adoration and reverence from every heart, susceptible of the ennobling sensations of filial gratitude to the father of mercies; and the gracious interposition of his delivering arm in the late awful day of mortality, with which this city was visited, when inferior help was vain, ought also to be considered as an additional obligation, unfeignedly to desire and strive, through divine assistance, so to redeem the time yet allotted us, that we may be enabled to bring forth those good fruits, by which our blessed Saviour informs us his heavenly Father is glorified.

May we all therefore keep in daily remembrance the necessity of watchfulness and care, that our conversation may be such as becometh the gospel of Christ; avoiding as inconsistent therewith, the corrupt communications, manners and maxims, that many in this favoured city are unhappily indulging in; which lead to the attendance of vain shews and sports, the exhibitions of the theatre, those houses, gardens, and other places of public resort, evidently productive of dissipation and licentiousness, which have been so many engines of Satan, to delude unwary youth and others, to alienate their affections from God,—render them regardless of their duty towards him, and finally piercing their own souls with many sorrows.

Among the many obvious marks of declension from true virtue, especially to be lamented at this time, is the increasing inattention and disregard of the solemn duties for which the generality of Christians have set apart the first day of the week. Our faithful predecessors, although they did not attribute any inherent holiness to one day above another, well knowing that every day is the Lord's day, and ought to be spent in watchfulness and fear? nevertheless, freely united with others to observe the first day, as a day of rest from bodily labour, and their worldly affairs, and to employ it in the sacred duties we owe unto God, and the most weighty concerns of the immortal soul. But alas, how many professing the Christian name are sorrowfully prostituting it to purposes diametrically opposed to these indispensable obligations!—is not the great cause of religion and virtue more injured and the holy Name more dishonoured on that day, than on any other day of the week, by those loose and careless professors; who spend it in the pursuit of sensual indulgences, and vain amusements? When we take a view of the borders of this city, what revelling and rioting, wantonness and profanity, are in the houses and gardens of those who thus make a gain of unrighteousness! and indeed such is the prevalence of injurious customs, that many otherwise

accounted respectable members of civil community, and more moral than to be engaged in the most reproachful scenes of revelling and wantonness, are much employed in a manner not consistent with the truly rational, as well as holy purposes of the day, in needlessly visiting each other, and joining in unprofitable conversation, or in riding or walking merely for recreation, business and pleasure, or in collecting and feasting together; to the great oppression of those employed in their service, and depriving them of the privilege of attending their several places of worship, which is the reasonable duty of all, without distinction of rank, station, or colour; but to many of these, instead of being made a day of rest and religious improvement, it is frequently so perverted, as to become a day of greater labour and hurry than any one of the seven. On serious reflection we hope all will acknowledge, that these things ought not to be. Works of mercy, humanity, unavoidable necessity, such as visiting and consoling the sick and afflicted, or other occasions of Christian duty, may sometimes lawfully interfere with our attendance of public worship, but if habits of non-attendance are indulged from lukewarmness and indifference towards God, or want of a due sense of his manifold mercies to us, and the obligations we are under to reverence and adore his goodness; such are in imminent danger of falling into unbelief and departure from the living God. We therefore tenderly exhort all in religious profession with us, to a diligent attendance of our respective meetings, held on the first and other days of the week, with reverent and devout hearts, impressed with an humble remembrance of the Lord's unmerited goodness, and with unfeigned desires to worship him in spirit and in truth: and between meetings on the first day, labour to keep yourselves retired, example your families therein, avoiding unnecessary visits and unprofitable conversation, and as strength is afforded (by him that will, if he be diligently sought unto, strengthen the weak hands,) gather together at suitable times those entrusted to your charge, and enjoin them the reading portions of the scriptures of truth and other religious books. Habituate yourselves to silent, meditation and contemplation upon God; that thus under his blessing, you may be made instrumental to lead the youth and others under your care, to embrace the same pious practice: which although it is irksome to the unsubdued mind, to those who love God with sincerity, it will become the most profitable, refreshing and delightful exercise.

Deeply affecting also to those who are religiously interested in the well-being of the rising generation, is a disorder not only disreputable to, and unbecoming a people making a Christian profession, but so far a nuisance in civil society, as to engage the public animadversion and care of the chief magistrate of the city; that is, the profanity and unrestrained behaviour of children and youth in our streets; which must have been obvious, and long beheld with sorrow by every pious observer, much desiring that this charge may not in any degree continue justly to be laid upon us. We earnestly admonish all parents, guardians, masters and mistresses of children, school-masters and mistresses to exercise a vigilant care over those whom Providence has committed to their trust,

restraining them more than has hitherto been the general practice, from associating in the streets or other places with those who are corrupt and disorderly; and (as stewards that must render an account) warning them against all profanity, rude, and unseemly behaviour. Endeavour to train them up in the knowledge and fear of God. Instruct them early in the principles of our holy religion, that their minds may be prepared to receive divine impressions, and brought under the discipline of the cross of Christ; which only can make them truly useful and honourable members of civil and religious society.

Now dear children, we tenderly intreat you in the words of the apostle, that *ye obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right: honour thy father and thy mother* (which is the first command with promise) *that it may be well with thee.* Eph. chap. vi.

And dear friends of every rank, may we all frequently and instructively remember the solemn impressions and covenants made in that awful season, when the Lord's chastening hand was signally evident, that thousands of our fellow-citizens, amongst whom many of our near connections and relatives were suddenly summoned to appear before the judgment seat of Christ—when nothing less than the interposing mercy and almighty power of our heavenly Father, could have prevented this great and populous city from becoming desolated of its inhabitants.—In that day the lofty looks of the proud were humbled; the eager pursuit after perishng riches restrained; and the people in a general manner excited to call upon the Lord, that he would pity and spare them.—But how painful is the reflection, that when those petitions were answered, and the Lord's compassion eminently manifested—many have so suddenly forgot his works, and turned again unto folly,—that it appears lamentably evident, libertinism, and we fear infidelity also, have greatly increased since that day: and here let us caution all to beware how they suffer their minds to be drawn away by the vain philosophy of this world, from the glorious, divine, and most consolatory faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, the only mediator and redeemer.—Many have been the attempts of men of corrupt minds, by artful publications and fallacious arguments, to deceive the *unguarded*, and rob them of that inestimable treasure, the hope of salvation through the Son and Sent of God:—these deluded agents of the enemy of your souls' peace, would involve you in the deepest misery and distress if given place to—we beseech you therefore wisely to reject, and bear at all times a faithful testimony against their insinuations.

And under a daily sense of our dependent condition, and of the abundant mercies received, let us hold fast the profession of our faith in all things, studying to shew ourselves approved unto God, without whose favour and blessing we can neither be happy in the life that now is, nor in that which is to come.

Signed on behalf and by appointment of the said monthly-meetings held in the seventh month,

1795.

JAMES PEMBERTON,
JOHN PARISH,
DANIEL DRINKER,

JOHN ELLIOT,
WILLIAM SAVERY,
JONATHAN EVANS.

AN HELVETIC TALE.

ON the mountain from whence the torrent of *Runti* precipitates into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called echo from the hollow rocks, and echo bid the vallies seven times resound his songs. On a sudden he perceived a man climbing the mountain's side. The man was old; years had blanched his head. A staff bent beneath his tottering steps, for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd looked at him with surprise. My son, said the old man, smiling, do you not think that, infirm as I am, I should have done better in the valley? Know that I make this journey but once a year, and this leg as you see it, is more honourable to me, than are to many the most strait and active. I do not doubt, father replied the shepherd, but it is very honourable to you, though another would be more useful. Without doubt you are tired. Will you drink some milk from my goats, or some of the fresh water that spouts from the hollow of the rock?

Old Man. I like the frankness painted on thy visage. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the story of this wooden leg. The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned. When the old man had quenched his thirst, he said, Let young people when they behold their fathers maimed, adore the Almighty power and bless their valour; for without that you would have bowed your necks beneath the yoke, instead of thus basking in the sun. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and vallies, while your songs resound from one mountain to the other. Liberty! Sweet liberty! All we see around us is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure.

Young Shepherd. He does not deserve to be a free man, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers.

Old Man. But who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of *Nefels*, I come once a year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I am now come for the last time. From hence I still behold the order of that bloody battle.— See! it was on that side, the army of the enemy advanced; thousands of lances glittered at a distance, with horsemen covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched, and the earth resounded with their horses' hoofs. Our little troop was already broke. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side, and the smoke of *Nefels* in flames filled the valley. However at the bottom of this hill where we now are, our Chief had placed himself. He was there where those two pines shoot up from that pointed rock. I think I see him now surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm, immovable, and calling around him the dispersed troops. I hear the rustling of the standard that he waved in the air; it was like the sound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every side they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees in vain oppose their course; they bear down all before them, and meet

together at the bottom of that pool: so we ran to the cry of our General, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around our hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge; but, always forced to retire to the shelter of these hills; we there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last reinforced by thirty Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and lays waste the trees that interrupt its course. On every side the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded each other to escape our rage. Grown furious, we trod underfoot the dead and dying to extend vengeance still farther. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy in his flight rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier who fought the nearest to me, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, and imploring heaven to aid us. Take care, good father of this warrior, my deliverer cried; he has fought like a son of liberty! He said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! but many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. I was carefully attended; I was cured; but I could never find the man to whom I owed my life. I have sought him in vain. I have made vows and pilgrimages that some angel would reveal him to me. But alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never in this life shew him my gratitude. The young shepherd having heard the old warrior, with tears in his eyes, said, No, father, in this life you can never shew him your gratitude. The old man, surprised, cried, heavens! what dost thou say? Dost thou know, my son, who my deliverer was?

Young Shepherd. I am much deceived, if it was not my father. Often he has told me the story of that battle, and often have I heard him say, I wonder if the man I carried from the battle be still alive!

Old Man. O God! O angels of heaven! was that generous man thy father?

Young Shepherd. He had a scar here (pointing to his left cheek) he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

Old Man. His cheek was covered with blood when he bore me off, O my child! my son!

Young Shepherd. He died two years ago; and as he was poor, I am forced, for subsistence, to keep these goats. The old man embraced him and said, heaven be praised! I can recompense thee for his generosity. Come, my son! come with me, and let some other keep thy goats.

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in lands and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, said he to her, he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united. The young man was an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; locks of yellow gold shaded his forehead, and the sparkling of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The

young maiden, with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third day appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd; and the old man with tears of joy said to them, My blessing rest upon you my children! This day has made me the most happy of mortals.

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EAST-INDIA ANECDOTE.

THE NAYRES.

THE Nayres are the nobility of the Malabar coast. We may affirm that they are the oldest nobility in the world; for the ancient writers mention them, and quote the law that permits the Nayre ladies to have many husbands; every one being allowed four. Their houses, which stand single, have as many doors as the lady has husbands. When one of them visits her, he walks round the house, striking with his sabre on his buckler: he then opens his door, and leaves a domestic with his arms in a kind of porch, and who serves to inform others that the lady is engaged. It is said, that one day in the week the four doors are all opened, and all her husbands visit her, and dine together with her. Each husband gives a sum of money, or portion, at the time of marriage, and the wife only has the charge of the children. The Nayres, even the Samorin, and the other princes, have no other heirs than the children of their sisters. This law was established, that the Nayres, having no family, might always ready to march against the enemy. When the nephews are of age to bear arms, they follow their uncles. The name of father is unknown to a Nayre child. He speaks of the husbands of his mother, and of his uncles, but never of his father.

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Ridiculous extravagance of CYRUS.

CYRUS in his design upon Babylon, found a river in his way, that put a stop to his march: the current was strong, and carried away one of the horses that belonged to his chariot: upon this he swore, that since it had obstructed his passage, it should never binder any body's else, and presently set his whole army to work upon it, which diverted it into an hundred and fourscore different channels, and laid it dry. In this ignoble and unprofitable employment he lost his time and the soldiers their courage, and gave his adversaries an opportunity to provide themselves, while he was waging war with a river, instead of the enemy.

Seneca's Morals.

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ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DR. JOHNSON.

DR. Johnson was so vain of his own literary abilities, that he would not allow any of his contemporaries in that line, to possess any degree of comparative merit to himself. This premised, being one day asked by a gentleman what he thought of Goldsmith and Kelly as authors he replied, with his usual insignificant, self-important shake of the head—"Sir, I cannot think of them as authors; but, I think they are very decent scribblers."

*Letters addressed to YOUNG WOMEN, (married or single) by
Mrs. GRIFFITH.*

LETTER XIII.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEGATIVE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN;
AND ON THEIR TURN FOR IMITATION: ON THE IN-
UTILITY OF THEIR READING FABLES.

CONFIDING in the indulgence of my amiable friends, I venture to send a few more hints relative to the delightful subject of your little ones. How far Rousseau's scheme is right, that a child, till it arrives at the age of ten or twelve years, should be taught *nothing*, I will not pretend to determine: his words are, "The first part of education should be purely negative, and should only consist in guarding the heart from *vice*, and the mind from *error*; if you could bring up a child to the age of twelve years, without his even knowing his right hand from his left, healthy and robust, the eyes of his understanding would be open to *reason* at your first lesson; void both of habit and prejudice, his passions would not operate against your best endeavours; and, by attempting nothing, you would gain a prodigy in education." Parents and preceptors imagine, that they can never have too many checks, corrections, instructions, promises, reprimands, or fine arguments: but never argue with a child, particularly in striving to concile him to what he dislikes; for to use him to reason only on disagreeable subjects, is the way to disgust him, and bring argument early into discredit with a mind incapable of understanding it. Exercise their corporeal organs as much as you please, but keep their intellectual ones *inactive* as long as possible," &c. But, under favour to the above philosopher and ingenious writer, one would be glad to know how a child (as things in this world are constituted) unless it were translated to a desert island in the Pacific Ocean, or conveyed by some invisible power to a mountain in the moon, could arrive to the age of ten or twelve years in a state of total ignorance? If the parent or preceptor leaves the task of instruction till the faculties are ripened, there is no doubt to be made but the *inquisitive* disposition of the child would perpetually lead it to ask questions, and to gain information from every illiterate servant in the family. Dreadful is the very idea of such knowledge! However fine in speculation Mr. Rousseau's scheme of negative education may be, it is certainly not *practicable*.

Undoubtedly, great care should be taken in not overloading their minds: "The delicate texture of their brain reflects, like a mirror, every object presented to them, but nothing penetrates the substance, or remains behind," says the above author. I fear, indeed, a child seldom *understands* what it repeats. Certainly, before a child arrives at years of understanding, it entertains not the *ideas*, but simply the *images* of things. A single image may subsist in the mind that is sensible of it; but every *idea* necessarily supposes the concomitance of others. To form ideas, it is necessary we should be able to compare them; which it is utterly impossible a child should do.

(Remainder of this letter in our next.)

To —, FROM AN ENGLISH MERCHANT, GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE ADVENTURES OF HIS VOYAGE.

SIR,

I AM at last safely arrived in Holland, and have taken the first opportunity of giving you a relation of the adventures that detained me so long in foreign countries.

In my return from the Indies, I had some affairs with a Spanish merchant, which, while I was managing in one of their sea-ports, there came in a Spanish corsair, who had taken a rich Turkish prize, with several Turks and Moors prisoners, whom he offered for sale, as slaves. I never had any traffic of this kind, from any view of interest; but from a motive of compassion I had purchased liberty for many a miserable wretch, to whom I gave freedom.

Among the captives, there was one distinguished by the richness of his habit, and more by the gracefulness of his person. He drew all my attention, of which he appeared sensible; and still directed all his looks to me. Our souls seemed to greet each other, as if our intimacy had been of long standing. There was something in the air of this young stranger, superior to adversity, and yet sensible of the present disadvantage of his fate: while I felt for him an emotion, soft as the ties of nature; and could not but impute it to the secret impression of some intelligent power, by an impulse on my soul, directing it to the accomplishment of some unknown design of providence.

The price set on this captive was extravagantly high; however, I listened to the monitor within, and paid the corsair his full demands.

As soon as I had conducted the youth to my lodging, I told him he was free; the price I had paid was for his friendship and liberty.

"Then you have confined me, replied the stranger, by "the most lasting engagements. I might have broke "through any other restraint; but I am now your voluntary slave, and dare trust you with a secret yet unknown to the Spaniards. My name is Orramel, the only son of a wealthy Bassa in Constantinople, and you may demand what you will for my ransom."

"You will soon be convinced, said I, there was no mercenary view in this action. The anxiety I have for you is disinterested: it terminates in nothing below your immortal happiness. And were you inclined to examine those sacred truths, which would lead you to that felicity, and to share my fortune in a free and happy nation, the wealth of the Indies should not buy you from my affections; but if it is your choice to return to your own country, you are absolutely free."

With a friendly, but dejected look he told me, it was impossible to dispense with his filial obligations to an indulgent parent; but he positively refused his freedom till he had given intelligence, and received an answer from his father; which he soon had with a *Carte Blanche* to me, on which I might make my own demands for his

son's ransom. I returned it with as other terms but the liberty of all the Christian slaves in his power; hoping by this conduct, to leave a conviction on the mind of my young friend, in favour of Christianity. He could persuade me to receive nothing but some little present, and left me with an apparent concern.

(To be concluded in our next.)

N E W - Y O R K.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Mogré, Mr. HERMAN G. RUTGERS, to Miss SALLY GAINÉ.

By the Rev. Geo. Strebeck, on Tuesday the 10th, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER CÆSAR AUGUSTUS WILLIAM HENRY FREDERICK PINCHBECK, to Mrs. CATHERINE RUDOLPH.

On Saturday se'nnight, Citizen DUBCOURT, to the facetious Miss MARGARETTA BANCER, daughter of Col. Chris. Bancker, of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 12th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. JAMES RANEY, of New-Town (L. I.) to Miss ELIZABETH NICHOLS, of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. Wm. HERVEY, jun. to Miss CATHERINE VAN ALLEN, both of this city.

On Sunday se'nnight, Mr. GEORGE JEWENSON, to Miss POLLY ELLIS, both of this city.

Same evening LEVI DODGE, Esq. High Sheriff of Ulster County, to Mrs. KEMMAMA, widow of the late Dr. Kemmama, of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. John Stanford, M. A. Mr. JAMES DAVIS, to Miss ANN TURNER, both of this city.

DIED,

On Wednesday the 21st ult. between the hours of five and six o'clock, Mr. WALTER HEYER, jun. entering his twenty-first year; only son of Walter Heyer, of the Custom-House. He bore his severe illness with christian fortitude, not murmuring at the all wise dispensations of Providence. He possessed an amiable disposition, and bid fair to be a bright member of society; but alas, his Sun has set at noon, and every prospect in this life, lies buried in the silent grave. His loss is irreparable to his grieved family, for he was a dutiful son and an affectionate brother.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 17th to the 28th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at 8. A. M. 1. P. M. 6. P. M. deg. 100 deg. 100 deg. 100	Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER.
Nov. 17	40 47 75 47 75	N.W. do.	rain light wind
18	41 25 58 51 50	N.W. do.	clear do. calm
19	43 55 50 54	N.E. W. do.	cloudy clear lt. wind
20	40 45 75 43	W. N.W. do.	clear cloudy clear
21	39 40 50 41	N.W. S.E. N.E.	cloudy rain cloudy
22	38 45 48	N.W. do. do.	cloudy do.
23	39 48 50	N.W. do.	cloudy do.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF

Mr. JOHN BLEECKER,

(Who fell a victim to the Epidemical Disorder lately raging in
this city.)

COME gentle pity, drop the sainted tear
O'er BLEECKER's urn, whose name was ever dear
To all who worth approv'd, or merit knew ;
The world he's left, and join'd the happy few.

BLEECKER is gone to celebrate above
In higher strains a feast of endless love ;
O cruel death ! why didst thou fix thy dart,
In such a worthy, such a gen'rous heart ?

The poor he help'd, the sick his aid receive.
His hand was open, and he'd freely give,
Of what kind heav'n bestow'd on him, a part,
To cheer the oppres'd, and raise the drooping heart.

The loss we've met with, we shall ne'er retrieve,
BLEECKER is dead ! why should we longer live ?
Reader attend, and copy if you can,
" (The noblest work of God) AN HONEST MAN."

NEW-YORK, November 14, 1795.

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For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON VICE.

IS true, 'tis most unfortunately true,
That many crimes we first with horrot view
In time grow more familiar to the mind,
And every step, less difficult we find.

The playful youth, when first the ice he trusts,
Stalks forward, and each falt'ring step mistrusts;
By slow degrees he fortitude acquires,
And spite of falls, he滑ides and he admires.

At last, proficient in the skating art,
He skims the surface like an Indian dart :
Elate with ardour, and devoid of fear,
No thought of danger stops his wild career.

NEW-YORK, November 14, 1795.

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EPIGRAM.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life :
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble ;
Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice—
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wife to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning :
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life ;
Went home, and wat cudgell'd again by his wife.

ALEXIS.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

EPIPHONE MY.

COME, ye thoughtless ones that wander
In the broad forbidden road,
Meditate, awhile, and ponder
The approaching day of GOD :
Then, amazed,
Sound the mighty theme abroad.

View the JUDGE in pomp descending,
With majestic glory crown'd ;
To this world his journey bending,
With his white-rob'd millions round ;
While the trumpet
Makes unmeasur'd space resound.

See the earth before him flying,
All the starry spheres decay,
And the great archangel crying,
COME TO JUDGMENT ! COME AWAY !
RISE, YE NATIONS !
DEATH AND HELL RESIGN YOUR PREY !

Now behold the graves wide cleaving,
And the sleeping dead arise ;
Death's dark caves forever heaving,
Mounting straightway through the skies ;
Where, in grandeur,
The Tribunal meets their eyes.

Anguish, now, and awful wonder
Fills each sinner with dismay ;
While the Judge proclaims, in thunder,
" Hence accursed, far away !
" Down to torment,
" Now depart, without delay !"

Then, into black Tophet's regions,
With the damned they must go ;
Yelling ghosts, and ghastly legions
Of the rueful hosts below ;
Chain'd in darkness,
Horror, and exquisite woe.

Where the bursting thunders roaring,
Bellow through the dismal sky ;
Lightnings blaze with flames devouring,
Devils groan and hellhounds cry,
Through the ages
Of immense ETERNITY.

Wake, O Sleepers ! view your station !
And prepare to meet your God ;
That at the great conflagration,
When he flings his wrath abroad,
You, triumphant,
Then may join the ransom'd crowd.

ETHICUS.

NORTH-CASTLE, Dec. 9, 1792.